

G O O D
THE
CREATOR
AND THE
PRESERVER
POEM

*A Verse may reach him who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice. Herbert*

L O N D O N;

Printed for W. TAYLOR, at the Ship in Patern-
Noster-Row, MDCCCXIV,

Price Six Pence.

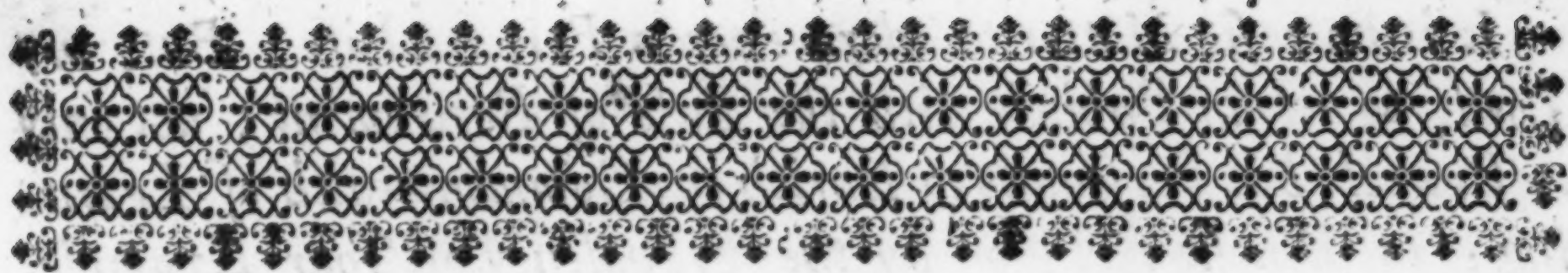
GOD
THE
GREAT
PRESERVER



POPE M.

And thus I light into a sacrifice
And thus I light into a sacrifice

LONDON
Printed for W. Taylor, at the Ship in Patern
Street, near St. Martin's Church.



To His GRACE
WILLIAM,
Lord Archbishop of *DUBLIN.*

May it please Your GRACE,



AS Poetry in all Ages has claim'd a Protection from the Good, and the Great, to whom can I more properly inscribe the following Lines than to Your GRACE, who have so eminently distinguish'd Your Self by those Glorious Qualities which constitute a truly Great Man? I mean, my Lord, a becoming Zeal for Your Holy Religion, and a Love for Your Country.

The Crown, my Lord, could have no less in View than the Good of Mankind, in raising You to that exalted Station in which we see You shine: And as Your indefatigable Labours for the Welfare of those committed to Your Charge, and Your extensive Charity, have fully answer'd its Expectation; so I may say without Flattery, that You are never better pleas'd than when You have it in Your Power to do Good to the rest of the World.

The great Number of Churches which Your Grace has not only beautified, but largely contributed towards raising them from the Ground, will be so many Monuments of Your Piety to After-Ages; and there will come a Time, my Lord, when Impartial Posterity will think it self obliged to do that Justice to Your Memory, which is deny'd You at present by some, who think it more meritorious in Themselves to be Noisy for their Churches, than in Others to Build Them.

It

The DEDICATION.

It is no easie Matter to adorn even a Private Life: But, my Lord, to act in Publick with the Ease of Retirement; not only to Protect, but Personally to Enrich the Commonwealth of Learning; to Benefit Religion by the Prevalency of Your Example, and the State by Your Advice: In a Word, carefully to withstand the least Encroachment made by Presbytery on one Hand, and with an undaunted Resolution to oppose (even at this Time) the too visible Advances of Popery on the other: These, my Lord, are Actions worthy the First, the Greatest Patriots.

I need not acquaint a Person of Your Grace's Penetration, how nice and difficult a Thing it is to touch a Subject of this Nature with any Degree of Exactness; But tho' the Present I here make You may not prove so Worthy, as I could wish it, of Your Grace's Acceptance; yet since the following Poem is written with a View rather to mend the Reader's Heart than to please his Fancy, I hope upon that Account it may claim the more favourable Regard.

My Lord,

That You may long enjoy Your Health, and that You may be Happy, is not only the Wish, but indeed the Advantage of all those who have at Heart the true Interest of this Church and Kingdom; among whom, as I have an unfeigned Regard for Your Person, and a Veneration for that Holy Order, of which You are so bright an Ornament, give me Leave to assure You, that I am with the greatest Respect,

Your GRACE'S most Obliged,

most Devoted Humble Servant,

RICHARD DANIEL.

G O D

G O D the Creator, and the Preserver.

I.

OFFSPRING of Heav'n, Celestial Flame,
 I own thy Pow'r, Thou lovely Guest ;
 Numbers smooth and soft inspiring,
 I bid Thee welcome to my Breast :
 Unfold thy rich Harmonious Store,
 And to my Mind thy Warmth impart :
 Give me to feel thy pleasing Rage,
 And let thy Sacred Fire distend my Heart.
 And thou, my Lyre, resume thy Lays,
 And thro' thy painful Silence break,
 To sing the Great CREATOR'S Praise ;
 'Tis he who calls, my Lyre, Awake :
 Proud of the Theme, resume the Lay
 For Him, whom Earth and Heav'n obey :
 Each Note shall bear the hallow'd Name around,
 And to Superior Worlds convey the distant Sound.

II.

Parent of all Created Things,
 From whom this Scene of Nature springs,
 To our charm'd Sight thy Pomp display ;
 Open all thy Heav'n of Day ;
 Amidst thy shining Guards be shewn
 The Glitt'ring Host who grace thy Throne :
 For Thee their Golden Lyres they string ;
 Of Thee in sweetest Numbers sing ;
 Confess Thee GOD, and hail Thee KING.

III.

On ISRAEL's Foes to execute thy Rage
 Intent, and waiting for thy high Command ;
 Whether design'd to blast an impious Age,
 Or save from Lawless Pow'r a Fav'rite Land :
 Mounted on Wings of Winds, they steer their Course,
 And wondrous is their Speed, and wondrous is their Force.

IV.

All dark as yet, th' unactive Mass
 Lay bound in heavy Chains of Sleep,
 When big with Life GOD's awful Spirit
 Sat brooding o're the mighty Deep.
Let there be Light, He said ; and lo,
 The nimble Beams the F I A T heard,
 Sprang from the Womb of Ancient Night,
 And cheerful Light its smiling Visage rear'd :
 On Purple Wings it upward flew,
 And by his Order fixt on high ;
 Around its darting Glories threw,
 And stain'd the Curtains of the Skie :
 Whether it paints the blushing East
 With Rosie Streaks, or gilds the West :
 Not undiscern'd by Him, the Heav'nly Ray,
 He saw that it was Good, and blest the Infant Day.

B

On

V.

The vast Abyfs now meets his Eyes
 Where Nature yet in Embrio lies;
 Where Tyrants of the boundless Plain
 Chaos and wild Disorder Reign;
 The Hot, the Cold, the Moist, the Dry
 Blended in vast Confusion lye:
 Struggling they bear alternate Sway,
 Around in circling Whirlpools play,
 And win a Momentary Day.

VI.

But to his Dread Command Obedient prove,
 And now no more for fruitless Empire try;
 The various Seeds of future Beings move,
 And each to their appointed Stations fly;
 There wait his Voice, and at his wondrous Call
 Leap sudden into Life, and Form this Beauteous **ALL**.

VII.

In the great Lap of Nature lay'd,
 And breaking from its Oozy Bed,
 The Huge, the Pondrous Globe of Earth
 Above the Waters rears its Head:
 The tall, th' aspiring Mountains rise,
 And high in Air their Foreheads show;
 Some their broad Shoulders hide in Clouds,
 And proudly cast a length of Shade below.
 Beneath the humbler Valley lyes,
 Where, in their Kinds, the Flocks are seen;
 Where new created Sweets arise,
 And with fresh Verdure cloath the Plain.
 Swifter than flitting Winds the Roe
 Is seen to quit the Mountain's Brow:
 He seeks the Stream which living Fountains yield,
 Sweeps o'er the Flow'ry Lawns, and flies along the Field.

VIII.

The mighty Deep his Eye surveys,
 When strait its watry World obeys;
 Here the rough Surges loudly roar,
 And in proud Waves insult the Shoar:
 There softer Rills more easie glide,
 And steal adown the Mountain's Side.
 Various the winding Rivers pass,
 Cooling the sultry Meadow's Face,
 And gently roll their floating Glass.

IX.

Some, where the dreadful Precipice on high
 Does to th' affrighted View its Horrors shew,
 In a white Mist dispers'd involve the Skie,
 And from the Airy Summit plunge below;
 Then join their scatter'd Streams, and force their Way,
 Rush headlong o'er the Plain, and pour into the Sea.

X. See

X.

See, at his Voice the blooming Spring
 In rich Attire the Autumn meets ;
 She rivals with her Flow'rs its Fruits,
 And boasts a Wilderness of Sweets :
 Her lovely Off-spring, Nature's Pride,
 Disclose their Beauties all around ;
 With Odors scent the Balmy Air,
 And with a gay Profusion strew the Ground.
 The Vine in Purple Blushes drest,
 Close to the Elm, displays her Charms,
 Curls her soft Tendrils round his Waist,
 And spreads luxuriantly her Arms.
 The ripened Grain on rising Fields,
 To Man a pleasing Prospect yields :
 In even Ranks the waving Heads appear,
 Bend with the fruitful Load, and crown the lusty Year.

XI.

GOD spake, when strait above the rest
 (Fair Native of the Spicy East)
 A Garden rose, delicious Scene,
 Of floury Walks, and lively Green ;
 Whatever Sweets adorn the Woods,
 Paint the Fields, or Grace the Floods,
 All that's Lovely, all that's Fair,
 Form'd by his peculiar Care,
 Unite their Charms, and fix them there.

XII.

On ev'ry Tree the tuneful Choir appears,
 Of warbling Birds which sing their artless Lays,
 First taught by Him to charm the list'ning Ears,
 And pay Him back his Musick in his Praise :
 Such *EDEN* was, his Fav'rite's soft Abode,
 Rais'd by a Hand Divine, and Worthy of a GOD.

XIII.

Great Nature's watchful Eye, the SUN,
 Hears his Voice, and mounts the Skies,
 Who comb'd his Beamy Locks with Gold,
 And bid the wondrous Planet rise.
 Around his Orb in measur'd Dance
 The circling Hours and Months appear ;
 The swift-wing'd Minutes lightly move,
 And mark the Periods of the rolling Year.
 When from on high he darts his Fires,
 The glowing Breast to Transport warms ;
 Life bounds afresh with soft Desires,
 And Rosie Beauty sweetly charms :
 His flaming Arrows pierce the Flood,
 And to the Bottom bake the Mud :
 Where e'er He points his Beams gay Landskips rise,
 Whilst with his quick'ning Touch he paints them as He flies.

XIV. But

XIV.

But when He shoots a milder Ray,
 And downward drives the falling Day;
 Cool Evening now its Beauty rears,
 And blushes in its Dewy Tears:
 The wand'ring Flocks no longer rove,
 But seek the Covert of the Grove:
 The fighting Winds now cease to roar,
 The drowsie Ocean storms no more,
 But gently dies along the Shoar.

XV.

Near to the Margin of some peaceful Flood,
 The Nightingal alone in mournful Strains.
 Tunes her sweet Chorals to the Ecchoing Wood,
 And with her various Musick fills the Plains:
 Sleep shakes its downy Wings o'er Man and Beast,
 The SOUL melts thoughtless down, and softens into Rest.

XVI.

The lovely Queen of silent Shades,
 The MOON, in trembling Streams of Light,
 Wheels her pale Chariot slowly on
 O'er the soft Bosom of the Night:
 Millions of bright refulgent Worlds
 Heav'ns glitt'ring Lamps are seen to rise;
 They as her Virgin Train appear,
 And She the fair Vicegerent of the Skies.
 Each Planet in its rolling Sphere
 Proclaims aloud the SACRED NAME,
 With Sounds harmonious charms the Air,
 And speaks the POWER from whence it came:
 Here in full Blaze they singly shine,
 Whilst some their mingled Beauties join,
 Like a rich Pavement on the Face of Night
 Burn with promiscuous Beams, a Galaxy of Light.

XVII.

Whilst wearied Nature sleeps around,
 And Silence broods upon the Ground,
 Fir'd with a painful Thirst of Blood
 The gen'rous Lyon seeks his Food:
 The trembling Flocks his Rage descry,
 And round th' affrighted Shepherd flie;
 But where the Herd more careless stray,
 With fullen Joy He takes his Way,
 And leaps at once upon the Prey.

XVIII.

In vain they struggle with Superiour Might,
 His fiercest Foes an easie Conquest yield;
 Till from on high He sees returning Light,
 And grieves to quit the Triumphs of the Field,
 He roars aloud, He shakes his angry Mane,
 Grins back upon the Day, and scours along the Plain.

and the Preserver:

XIX.

Loft in an endless Maze of Thought,
What Limits can our Wonder keep?
What Tongue can speak? What Heart conceive,
Great GOD, thy Actions in the Deep!
High as its frothy Billows rise
The vast Enquiry lifts the SOUL,
And stretches out the MIND as wide
As fiercest Storms can give its Waves to roll.
When thy Breath heaves the swelling Tides,
And subtle Lightnings round Thee play,
When thy keen Wrath in Whirlwinds rides,
And in black Clouds involves the Day,
Thy Voice can cause their Rage to cease,
And speak the Thunder into Peace:
Thy ANGEL at the Word darts swiftly down,
Bounds lightly o'er the Waves, and bids them smoothly Run!

XX.

Where Mossy Caves the Sight surprise,
And blushing Groves of Coral rise,
The Fish their various Tribute bring,
And of the Ocean hail Thee KING:
To court thy Eye their Revels keep,
And skim with ease Fins the Deep:
On Thee they wait with one Accord,
As form'd by thy ALMIGHTY WORD,
And in just Praise confess Thee LORD.

XXI.

Warm'd with the Glories of a smiling Day,
The wanton Dolphins do each other chase,
Thro' the green Waves their Silver Scales display,
And swiftly press to win the Watry Race:
Flush'd with immoderate Life, they scorn to yield,
But darting to the Goal, divide the Honours of the Field.

XXII.

Lo, the great Monarch of the Floods,
Leviathan in Pomp appears,
Like some large floating Island moves,
And his huge Bulk in Triumph rears:
Swiftly th' affrighted Waves divide,
When thro' the Deep He plows his Way;
In aukward Sport He rolls along,
And from his ample Forehead spouts a Sea.
Pleas'd to observe the Danger high,
He treats with Scorn the hissing Spear,
And mocks the Arrows as they fly,
As the dull Trump'ry of the War:
What Hand but thine, Great GOD, could give
Th' unweildy Mass to move; and live?
Yet He, e'en He, does for his Food resort,
Obedient to thy Call, to grace thy Wat'ry Court.

XXIII.

Fond Man shall tempt the stormy Main,
 (Oh, whither won't He steer for Gain?)
 Of present Bliss forego his Hold,
 And Barter Happiness for Gold,
 See the tall Ship with flutt'ring Pride
 Upon the dancing Billows ride:
 When long expected Gales prove kind,
 She leaves the less'ning Shoar behind
 And gives her Colours to the Wind.

XXIV.

But when the angry Surge begins to rage,
 And thro' the boundless Waste the Tempests roar,
 O Gracious G O D, do Thou their Wrath assuage,
 And bid the fighting Whirlwinds storm no more:
 Let gentle Pity flow within thy Breast,
 Oh cheer his melting Soul, and give the wearied Sailor Rest.

XXV.

Fountain of Joy, Eternal Spring,
 From whom our Mortal Beings flow,
 How dost Thou deal thy Good around?
 And bless the Subject World below?
 How shall we clear the large Account?
 We wretched Heaps of Dust and Sin,
 Would we our Gratitude express?
 Where shall our vast Acknowledgments begin?
 When we thy wondrous Works survey,
 And musing feast our ravish'd Eyes;
 The lovely Scene knows no Decay,
 But inexhausted Beauties rise:
 When thy just Praises claim our Song,
 Expression dies upon the Tongue:
 Too big for Birth, our falt'ring Accents break,
 And Silence must enforce what we want Pow'r to speak.

XXVI.

Thy Creatures all expecting stand,
 And wait the Bounty of thy Hand;
 Whether they haunt the shady Woods,
 Graze the Plain, or range the Floods;
 Whether of various Kinds the Fowl
 Which row the Lake, or swim the Pool;
 Happy by Nature, wild, and free,
 Inglorious Chains They chuse to flee;
 Full of Life, and full of THEE.

XXVII.

E'en the small Ants do thy Protection share,
 By Thee advis'd, to save their Wintry Store;
 Their little Common-wealth employs thy Care,
 Too wise to want, too frugal to be poor:
 Well may they shame the puzzled Schemes of Man,
 Since from thy THOUGHT DIVINE they drew the wondrous Plan.

XXVIII.

In all the Radiant Pomp of Heav'n,
 Plac'd on thy bright refulgent Throne,
 Regard thy *ISRAEL* here below,
 And look with soft Compassion down,
 And Thou, my *SOUL*, with strictest Care,
 And trembling Awe, his Statutes keep:
 Think what Thou art, from whom thou cam'st;
 Be calmly Wise, and let his *THUNDER* Sleep.
 For, oh! should he but once command
 His dreadful Legions to engage,
 Not Worlds can save Thee from his Hand,
 Or dare to skreen Thee from his Rage.
 To the tall Hills wouldst Thou complain?
 To hide Thee there, alas, is vain:
 Those everlasting Hills his Rage would flee;
 Would run about as wild, and prove as weak as Thee.

XXIX.

When a Cloud thickens on his Brow,
 And rising Storms his Anger show,
 No more these springing Sweets appear,
 But sudden Winter chills the Year:
 Amazement checks the wond'ring Flood,
 And the *MOON* blots her Orb with Blood;
 The *SUN* no more in Glory burns,
 Each Creature to its Dust returns,
 And Universal Nature mourns.

XXX.

With folded Arms the Pensive Gard'ner stands,
 Whilst his Destroying *ANGEL* taints the Air,
 Which spreads the dire Contagion o'er his Lands,
 And nips the Glories of his Flow'ry Care:
 On the parch'd Earth their with'ring Beauty lies,
 Whilst blasted by his Breath, the fair *CREATION* dies.

XXXI.

Hail, Man belov'd, whose shining Form
 Employ'd thy *MAKER*'s Noblest Care;
 Who shap'd with Art thy tender Limbs,
 And cast Thee in a Mould so fair:
 Thy grosser Substance to refine,
 He purg'd the Mass from its Allay;
 Infus'd a quick, Immortal *SOUL*,
 And stamp'd his Glorious *IMAGE* on the Clay.
 Canst Thou forget the mean Estate
 From which thy humble Lot was ta'en?
 Or Him who fix'd thy better Fate,
 And kindly bid Thee Live, and Reign?
 What Privilege to Thee is giv'n,
 Thou last, Thou Fav'rite Work of Heav'n!
 With Face erect to view his bright Abode,
 To learn his righteous Laws, and know him for thy *GOD*.

XXXII. Those

G O D the Creator, &c.

XXXII

Those Ills which guilty Sinners dread
Shall harmless play around thy Head:
Why should'st Thou fear the Shock to stand,
When cover'd by thy **MAKER's** Hand?
He form'd Thee free, as freely Live;
Enjoy what Innocence can give;
For Bliss Supreme thy Taste prepare,
Within this Bosom lodge thy Care:
And place thy lov'd **Elizium** there.

XXXIII

Sleep, happy Man, do Thou securely rest,
Let no dark Thoughts thy even Mind controul;
Whilst Virtue reigns the Sovereign of thy Breast,
And wisely sways the Motions of thy **SOUL**.
In a soft Flow thy eas'd Life shall glide;
HEAV'N be thy firm Support, and **PROVIDENCE** thy Guide.

XXXIV

Hence, ye Prophane, ye empty Names,
Whose boasted Influence we despise;
Milcom, and **Astareth**, and **Baal**,
Ye idle Rabble of the Skie;
Pounded to Dust, your Statues fall,
Your Solemn Rites shall sound no more;
Your Maker's **MAKER** is our **LORD**,
With Transport, and with Pride adore,
Ye Angels, praise his Sacred **NAME**.

XXXV

Whilst fervent Vows from Altars rise,
And Clouds of Incense reach the Skies;
Whilst Nature speaks in ev'ry Part,
And Sense of Duty warms the Heart;
Could'st Thou, my **SOUL**, forgetful be?
Silence would be a Crime in Thee.
Raise on Devotion's swiftest Wing,
Do Thou thy tuneful Tribute bring
To Him, who gave the Muse to sing.

XXXVI

How vast the Thought? How daring are the Lays,
Which speak thy Actions to recording Fame;
To sound to list'ning Worlds, Great **GOD**! thy Praise;
Weak is my Force, tho' Glorious is my Theme;
Mount, mount, my **SOUL**, in that **Ethereal** Fire,
Which burns within my Heart, and never shall expire.

XXXVII

F I N I S